

How It Was

I was told to ring
three times and wait
exactly sixty seconds.

Which course I
accordingly followed
with no semblance of result.

Save for a mocking
laugh that tumbled
from a third floor window.

Just as I came
to realize
I'd mistaken the address.

Small Poem

I rejoice that,
no things being the same,
a rose is a rose
is a rose
whose leaves are not,
as in the fig's case,
used as a species
of dress.

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York

Dear Lydia

you dont know it
but i've just now spent my whole morning
stamping yr name
Lydia
in 18 pt Park Avenue typeface
on matchbook covers
(gold on black)
sure wish i knew yr last name
Lydia
what i wd do with these matches